

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Myiarchus Crinitus Is Champion Bug Catcher



WASHINGTON.—The department of agriculture, in a long biological treatise, whatever that is, claims credit for discovering the one omnivorous fly swatter of the country. Of course the department doesn't call it that. It is known by a long scientific nomenclature, printed in italic. Translated, this devolves itself into "fly catcher," or words to that effect.

The "catcher," according to the department's experts, is widely different from the generally accepted "swatter." It is a long, thin-shanked bird about the size of a robin, and wears a tuft of black feathers in the general vicinity of its wishbone.

The best thing this bird, the "great crested fly catcher," they call it, does, is sit on a fence rail and survey the landscape. This it does dolefully and without enthusiasm. By and by a fly or some other insect comes flying along. A short spurt, a click of a pointed beak, and it is extinct.

The pamphlet issued by "Tama Jim" Wilson's department contains a study of the life and habits of the great American fly catcher. Departmental experts, on adventure bent, went forth into the rural sections armed with butterfly nets and six-shooters and captured a large number of these desperate birds, thereby causing a large increase in the fly population. Bringing the birds to

Washington in cold storage, the stomachs of some 3,393 were examined. These stomachs, according to the report, were about five per cent. stomach and 94.99 per cent. obnoxious insects. Or, at least, the 94.99 per cent. thing represents the portion of obnoxious insects on their daily bill of fare. Whether they take them in a carte or table d'hôte was not dwelt upon in the report.

There are seventeen species of these birds. The aggregate benefits of their depopulation of the insect kingdom are enormous. Under these conditions farmers will hardly begrudge them the 5.1 per cent of vegetable food they flit from the cherry and grain crops. But insect killing is only one of the fly-catcher's accomplishments. He is the bravest bird in the air, and fearlessly attacks crows and hawks many times his size. He will assail a hawk in midair and follow him for miles. The great falcon, too cowardly to fight and too slow to dodge, can only put on full speed and leave the country. In this way fly-catchers are a great benefit to the poultry raisers.

This great crested fly-catcher, by the way, is a bird of marked individuality. Like other bold creatures, he is something of a grafter, and frequently drives bluebirds and woodpeckers from their nests that he may use them himself. One of his peculiarities is to always place a shed snakeskin in his nest. This trait has greatly puzzled naturalists, for nothing in nature is without a reason. Miss Nellie Blanchard, a woman ornithologist, suggests that the fearful sight of a snakeskin, greeting the newly hatched fly-catcher, may be what causes the feathers on its little head to stand erect.

Ban on Kissing One's Wife at Park Resort

IF YOU kiss your wife in Glen Echo park on Sunday you will lose five pounds of tobacco.

"If you kiss some other man's wife it will cost you your life."

This was the disconcerting wall of Manager Schloss of the park the other day.

"What is the trouble, Mr. Schloss?" he was asked.

"Guess," said the manager.

"Blue laws?"

"Right," said Mr. Schloss, as cheerfully as a crutch.

Schloss is aggrieved that Montgomery county is now playing in the Blue Law league, and he says it hurts the batting average of the park.

"Why, just think; when was a time not so far distant, when the turnstiles at the amusement places clicked until they resembled the exhaust of a motor boat."

"But them was the halcyon days," he muttered. "It used to be that the band crashed out the airs that made the crowd forget that they had 'nothing to do till tomorrow.' Now the band plays only one air that keeps the crowd."

"What is it, Mr. Schloss?"

"Abide With Me."

This little conversation with the manager took place just after Sheriff Howard of Montgomery county gave an imitation of making an arrest. When the sheriff had finished his little act he had four violators. They

Jefferson City—The final competition to secure a design and an architect for the new state capitol building will be extended by the capitol commission at the request of the ten contestants from September 16, the date originally fixed, to October 1.

The architects competing, according to members of the commission, have written asking for two weeks additional time upon the ground they will be unable to finish their drawings by September 16. The commission at its meeting next Wednesday will formally extend the time for the completion of the plans to October 1.

An advisory jury of architects will be appointed at the board's meeting next Wednesday to examine the ten plans to be submitted in the competition and determine which is best. The successful contestant will be appointed architect for the new state house, which the other nine will be awarded \$1,000 each to repay them for their trouble.

CITIZENS PATROL STREETS.

Garthage Residents Take Law in Own Hands When Police Dept. Fails.

Garthage.—Depredations committed by a band of robbers has thoroughly aroused the citizens of this city, and 175 armed men, members of the Anti-Horse Thief association, are patrolling the streets, parks and railroad yards. No arrests had been made, but several suspects were detained temporarily.

Last week a dozen residences were entered and valuables and money taken. The local officers were unable to locate the robbers and citizens have taken the matter in hand. Squads of armed citizens patrolled the city, but in spite of their vigilance the residence of R. H. Crain, ex-county collector, on Blanche street, was entered and robbed.

Republican Candidates Quit Race.

Jefferson City.—Secretary of State Roush has received the resignation of D. K. Greer of Sikeston as a candidate for state auditor on the Republican ticket, and requests that his name be not printed on the official ballot as such candidate. The withdrawal is a formal one and gives no reason. It is reported that he withdraws to accept the nomination for the same office on the Ball Moose state ticket.

J. H. Mason of Springfield, present prosecuting attorney of Green county, and regular nominee on the Republican ticket for attorney general, has withdrawn from the race as a Republican, and said he hoped to be nominated by the Progressive convention.

President of Editors Weds.

Fulton.—Ovid Bell, president of the Missouri Press association and editor of the Fulton Gazette, was married to Miss Maude Hall at the home of the bride in Rochefort, Mo., Rev. Madison of Columbia officiating. They have gone to the Wisconsin lakes on a honeymoon trip. The bride is a daughter of James C. Hall, cashier of the People's bank at Rochefort. She was educated in Stephens and Christian college at Columbia, and studied music in Leipzig, Germany, and has been a piano teacher in William Woods college in this city for the last several years.

Little Girl Attacks Bull.

Walker.—Seizing a large club and rushing into a barn lot on a farm near here, where a bull was in the act of goring her mother to death, Elizabeth Merrill, 14 years old, fought off the animal and saved the life of Mrs. Belle Merrill. Mrs. Merrill had entered the lot to milk a cow, when the bull attacked her.

Runaway Fatal to Woman.

Kansas City.—Mrs. Ellen Robinson, aged 56, was thrown into a barbed wire fence and killed, and John H. Funk, a building contractor, was dangerously injured when their horse, frightened by a speeding automobile, overturned their buggy on a country road.

Student Drowns in Lake.

Odesa.—Walter Burdhardt, aged 22 years, of Trinidad, O., a student and brother-in-law of Prof. Lardner of Northwestern university of Evanston, Ill., was drowned in Lake Venita near here. Burdhardt was cashier of the Redpath-Watner Chautauqua system.

Two Missourians Wading.

Meadvile.—Miss Maude Phelps, a school teacher, and Herbert Humphrey, a young farmer, were drowned near Meadvile while wading in Grand river. The two were members of a picnic party. All were in wading, and the victims stepped into a hole and went down.

College Professor, 70, Tries Suicide.

Louisiana.—Homer Baird, 70 years old, cut his throat and severed his wrist here, with suicidal intent. He used a razor, and the chances for his recovery are slight. He was formerly a professor at Blair college. The reason for his attempt at suicide has not been learned.

Gentry Is Reappointed.

Jefferson City.—Governor Hadley reappointed W. T. Gentry of Sedalia, as a member of the state board of agriculture for the seventh district.

Railway Telegraphers Get Raise.

Fulton.—A 15 per cent increase in wages has been granted agents and telegraph operators of the Chicago & Alton railroad on several Missouri divisions. Among the cities affected are St. Louis, Kansas City, Louisiana and Mexico. The increase is due to activities of a committee from the telegraphers' union sent to Chicago recently to confer with officials of the road. The salaries of the operators will now range from \$65 to \$72.60. They asked for a schedule, but this was denied them.

His Job.

"What are the principal activities of the official position our friends occupy?" "Those involved in holding on to it," replied Senator Ferguson. —Washington Star.

First Deal Made.—"He wasn't so very angry, was he?" Second Deal Made.—"He was so wild that the words he used almost blasted his fingers." —Pittsburgh Leader.

MISSOURI NEWS

MORE TIME ON CAPITAL PLANS.

Commission Decides to Change Date From Sept. 17 to Oct. 1.

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Historic Blackguards

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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William The Conqueror, the Ruffian Who Stole—and Made—England

ON a hillside (near Hastings, England, on October 14, 1066) was massed a travel stained army, led by a yellow-haired giant. The army was made up of Saxons—from ill-armed peasants to the full-armed "Hus-Carles" of the royal bodyguard. The leader was Harold, Saxon king of England. He had rushed his troops by long marches to this spot, to check the advance of a Norman invader.

In the plain below, toward the hillside, marched the invading host. Far in advance of their line rode the Norman minstrel, Taillefer, gaudily dressed, throwing his sword into the air and catching it, singing loudly the "Death Chant of Roland." It was this minstrel who struck the first blow in the battle of Hastings and who was first to fall.

The Normans flung themselves upon the Saxons, only to be sent reeling back. Again and again they charged vainly against that solid battle line. The Saxons hurled them off, shouting: "Out! Out!"

At last the wily Norman leader, Duke William, tried craft where force had failed. He drew off his soldiers in seeming retreat. The headstrong Saxons, disobeying Harold's orders, broke their own line to dash in disorderly pursuit of the fleeing foe. The Normans suddenly turned and charged through the broken line, gaining the hilltop, scattering the Saxons, slaying Harold and winning England!

Norway, Sweden and Denmark were peopled by wild, bloodthirsty searovers. Unable to prosper in their own bleak lands, these "Northmen" (or "Normans") had for centuries made raids on the rich coasts of England and France. So dreaded were these raids that the old English prayer book contained the petition: "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us!" A band of Norse pirates had swooped down on France and had settled in a rich district of that country. They called themselves

"Normans" and their province "Normandy." William the Conqueror was the son of Duke Robert of Normandy ("Robert the Devil") and a tanner's daughter. He was born in 1027. From early boyhood he led a life of constant warfare, peril and treachery. In order to save his dukedom and his life from the greed of neighboring potentates he was forced to acts of brutality and crime. At length he was safely established in his own realm and looked about him for further conquests. His eye fell on England.

The English king, Edward "the Confessor," was childless. William persuaded or bribed Edward to bequeath to him the throne of England. Edward died early in 1066. The English decided, rightfully, that no king could legally bequeath his crown to anyone. So they elected Harold their king. At once William demanded the crown. Harold refused to give it up. William stirred up an invasion of England by the Norwegians and landed a Norman host on the British shores at about the same time. Harold thrashed the Norwegians, then hurried his tired army to Hastings to meet William. The Normans were victorious; and in London, on Christmas day, 1066, William was crowned king of England. There he built a fortress that later became the famed "Tower of London."

His conquest of England was a piece of bare highway robbery, with no shadow of moral right to justify it. Yet, in the end, it was the best thing that could have happened to the country. For it infused new blood into the rough Saxon strain, modernized the isolated, old-fashioned British and brought them into touch with the world at large and with progress.

The king of France made fun of William's fatness. William, in rage, found excuse to invade France. There, in 1087, he captured and burned the town of Nantes. As he was riding through the city's hot embers his horse reared and threw him, causing mortal injury.

Thus the blackguard who for sixty years had braved death in every form perished at last through a bit of careless horsemanship.

Bourienne, Napoleon's Schoolmate

TWO boys—at the Brienne Military academy—poor, ill-dressed, sneered at by their luckier schoolmates—were forced by loneliness into a sort of friendship. One of the lads was the son of a Frenchman of lowly birth. He had no rightful place in the academy from which officers were to be graduated. For in those days, only men of wealth, rank or influence as a rule, rose to rank in the French army. That ill-placed boy was Louis Antoine Fovelet de Bourienne.

His classmate and friend was a splendid chap with a huge head. He was the butt of the school because of his hot temper, his haughtily borne poverty, his shabby clothes, his shrill, cracked voice and Corsican accent. This youngster was the son of an old, impoverished Corsican family. His name as spelled at that time was Nabulione Buonaparte. He was one day to rule and bully his scornful fellow-students as "Napoleon I, Emperor of the French."

On leaving Brienne in 1785 the two comrades separated. It was years before they met again. Bonaparte worked his way up to a lieutenancy in the army of King Louis XVI. Bourienne, failing to obtain an officer's commission, found a post in the lower branches of the diplomatic service. The friendship of boyhood had cooled when he and Bonaparte chanced to meet in Paris in the late days of the old French monarchy. Bonaparte, with his keen judgment of human nature, seems to have gauged his old schoolmate's character aright and to have found nothing in it to admire.

Yet when Bonaparte was "First Consul" and ruler of France in 1795 he sent for Bourienne and made him his private secretary. He afterward bestowed other offices on the poor young diplomat.

But Bourienne was not content with the legitimate earnings of his various positions. A man so near the head of the government could find

many chances for graft. And Bourienne found them. He became "silent partner" in a dishonest army contract firm. He and his accomplices cleared up, it is said, more than \$600,000 before their frauds were exposed.

Bourienne was banished by Napoleon to Hamburg. But, to soften the blow, his old school friend gave the secretary a fat official appointment there. Bourienne had acquired the taste for graft. Now that he was away from Napoleon's watchful eye he gratified his dishonest cravings without stint.

He wrongfully wrung huge sums from the Hamburg senate and from German noblemen. At last his thefts became so outrageous that complaint was made to Napoleon. The latter, who was now emperor of France, recalled Bourienne in disgrace, degraded him to his old office and compelled him to refund \$200,000 of the stolen money. Napoleon was never noted for gratitude or for kindness. The fact that he had done anything at all for the ex-school chum was unusual. Now he washed his hands of the man.

In 1814 Napoleon was overthrown by the allied powers of Europe and was packed off to Elbe an exile. Bourienne was among the first to hail Louis XVIII. (the Bourbon king of the allies set on France's throne in Napoleon's place), and to clamor for office under him.

Then back from Elba came Napoleon. All France rose to greet him, and Louis XVIII. fled for his life. Napoleon offered pardon to nearly all his political foes, but he pointedly refused to forgive Bourienne. Trembling at his own danger, Bourienne rushed for safety to the still fleeing schoolmate's character aright and to have found nothing in it to admire.

He made Bourienne minister of state after Napoleon's second and final downfall. The turncoat fared well for some years. But, like most grafters, Bourienne at last lost every penny of his tainted wealth. He was forced to flee from France to escape his creditors.

His mind gave way and, in 1834, he died in an insane asylum.

Ancient Secret Is Lost

Experts Have Not Found Out the Method of Composition of Roman Cement.

The secret of the ancient Roman cement is once more a topic of discussion since the fall of a few yards of Roman wall at Caerwent in England. The fall was due to a movement of the subsoil, and not to the decay of the wall itself. There are still several hundred miles of the Roman walls to be seen in England and they seem to be as strong as the day they were built. An expert of the London Museum quoted by the New York Sun says: "We do not know the method of its composition, but it is far sounder than any modern cement. Indeed, when some bits of such a wall have been dislodged, it is necessary to use dynamite. All we know is that ponded tile is a considerable element in the cement. For the rest, Roman walls are built with stone and tile over a concrete bottom."

The "conclusion" seems a little

ignominious for this particular stage of human progress, but perhaps it were quite honest with ourselves we should admit that antiquity possessed a good many secrets that we have lost, among them the tempering of copper, the moving without machinery of enormous stones, and the calculation of star movements without instruments.

The Reason.

"I heard a woman the other day begging another woman pitifully to give her just one more chance and the other refused her."

"And I suppose the one begging for a chance was at desperate need."

"No, she was at a charity bazaar."

A Bazaar.

"I admit without hesitation," said the man who tries to conceal his self-esteem, "that whatever I am today is due to the influence of my wife."

"That's right!" replied Mr. Growber. "Always blame the woman."

THESE SIX LETTERS From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

Boston, Mass.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from hemorrhages (sometimes lasting for weeks), and could get nothing to check them. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (tablet form) on Tuesday, and the following Saturday morning the hemorrhages stopped. I have taken them regularly ever since and am steadily gaining."

"I certainly think that every one who is troubled as I was should give your Compound Tablets a faithful trial, and they will find relief."—Mrs. GEORGE JUNE, 802 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Letter from Mrs. Julia King, Phoenix, R.I.

Phoenix, R.I.—"I worked steady in the mill from the time I was 15 years old until I had been married a year, and I think that caused me bad feelings. I had soreness in my side near my left hip that went around to my back, and sometimes I would have to lie in bed for two or three days. I was not able to do my housework."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me wonderfully in every way. You may use my letter for the good of others. I am only too glad to do anything within my power to recommend your medicine."—Mrs. JULIA KING, Box 283, Phoenix, R.I.

Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk up stairs without stopping on the way. I was all run down in every way. I tried three doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said it was no use for me to take anything as nothing would restore me to health again. So I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and by taking seven bottles of the Compound and other treatment you advised, I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, 769 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.

Letter from Mrs. Winfield Dana, Augusta, Me.

Augusta, Me.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured the backache, headache, and the bad skin I had in my right side, and I am perfectly well."—Mrs. WINFIELD DANA, R.F.D. No. 3, Augusta, Me.

Letter from Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Newport, Vt.

Newport, Vt.—"I thank you for the great benefit Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I took eight bottles and it did wonders for me, as I was a nervous wreck when I began taking it. I shall always speak a good word for it to my friends."—Mrs. JOHN A. THOMPSON, Box 3, Newport Center, Vermont.

Letter from Miss Grace Dodds, Bethlehem, N.H.

Bethlehem, N.H.—"By working very hard, sweeping carpets, washing, ironing, lifting heavy baskets of clothes, etc., I got all run down. I was sick in bed every month."

"This last Spring my mother got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and already I feel like another girl. I am regular and do not have the pains that I did, and do not have to go to bed. I will tell all my friends what the Compound is doing for me."—Miss GRACE B. DODDS, Box 133, Bethlehem, N.H.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL), LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

THEY'RE USUALLY STUPID.

Unfailing Stimulant.

Men have tried many things, but still the task for stimulant—the stimulant in use but requires the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with revelry—more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead. There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man-up in his heart maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

—George D. Prentice.

He—Did you have a pleasant time at the literary luncheon?

She—No, stupid. None but clever people were there.

California Woman's Good Shot.

While walking through the woods near Cohasset, Mrs. W. H. Pillsbury of Chiclo shot a large brown bear that measured six feet from tip to tip.

Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were walking from their summer home near Cohasset to the "Promontory," a high point from which an excellent view of the whole valley can be had. Mrs. Pillsbury had a 30-30 carbine. Suddenly she saw a large bear coming down the hill about forty yards away. "It's a bear, shall I shoot it?" she shouted to her husband. Pillsbury answered in the affirmative and his wife asked, "Where shall I shoot him?" "In the head," came the answer. With deliberate aim the woman fired, hitting the animal square in the right eye, killing him instantly.

The hide weighed seventy pounds and the weight of the carcass was estimated at 300 pounds.—Chiclo Co. San Francisco Chronicle.

In Gotham.

"I know a policeman who always puts by something every week of what he earns."

"Humph! I know one who always puts by every week more than he earns."

Nine times out of ten when a lover tells his betrothed that he's not half good enough for her he speaks only half the truth.

Instead of liquid antiseptics, tablets and peroxide, for toilet and medicinal uses, many people prefer Paxtine, which is cheaper and better. At drugists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Golfer's Grand Army Score.

A golfer playing his first game of the season reported downtown the next day that he had made a Grand Army score—he went out in 61 and came back in 65.—Chicago Evening Post.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH.

By using Cole's Carbolicure, it is a most effective remedy. All drugists, 25c and 50c.

Much Grazing Ground Required.

It is computed that it takes twelve acres of land to graze one head of cattle on Texas range land.

If the clinging type of woman could only hang onto cash!

FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.